The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1936, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single Copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXIV | Friday, July 3, 1936 | NUMBER 10

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CAMPAIGN CONFUSIONS

AS WE go to press, the Democratic Convention is midway in its inevitable business of renominating President Roosevelt. The last-minute demand of the five Democratic foes of the New Deal, headed by Alfred E. Smith, that the delegates should utterly repudiate Mr. Roosevelt and all his works and ways, seems likely to have no effect at all, so far as the predetermined action of the convention is concerned. Its effect upon the course and results of the campaign, however, is quite a different story, of which there are as many differing predictions as there are differing desires, and differing and clashing groups, within the weird conglomeration of political and economic forces and traditions which are at present to be found in both the major parties. It is hardly to be supposed that such experienced politicians as Mr. Smith and former Governor Ely, former Senator Reed, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, and former Judge Cohalan really can have expected that their demand would be complied with. Hence, it would seem logical to suppose that their action must lead them on to open advocacy of Mr. Landon—in the expectation that they will be followed by that group of Democrats who share the views expressed in their telegram to the delegates at Philadelphia.

How large a group, in that case, would bolt the Roosevelt ticket and plump for Landon? This is a question for which there is absolutely no answer save through the wildest sort of guessing. So far as can be judged by the reactions produced at the Philadelphia convention, however, it seems fairly safe to say that the Roosevelt forces are far less perturbed by the threatened bolt from what might very roughly be termed the Right wing of the Democratic party than they are by the sudden formation of the Lemke third party, championed by Father Coughlin, and the Reverend Gerald Smith, leader of what is left of the late Huey

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Long's "Share-the-Wealth" movement, and Dr. Francis Townsend, of Old Age Pensions fame. How many voters, out of the many millions of men and women who are reputed to be the "followers" of these three strangely assorted "leaders" will actually vote for Mr. Lemke? Still more practical is the anxious question as to how many of these voters will desert the Democratic party? Here again, the answers are all of them mostly guess-work, mostly based upon wishful thinking. Our own guess, for what it is worth, is that the Lemke movement will hurt the Roosevelt vote far more than it will the Landon vote. Furthermore, we think that the Lemke vote will be a large one in all the states where its ticket can be placed in the field, and that in other states the movement will succeed appreciably in electing many representatives pledged to support the Lemke measures (which are now practically identical with those put forward by Father Coughlin) in the next Congress. In addition, it is our opinion that both the "Right-wing" bolt of the so-called "Conservative" Democrats, and the upsurgence of the Lemke movement, cutting into the strength of both the major parties, are positive proofs that the nation's social crisis will not be solved by the victory of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Landon. The really intense phase of that crisis is to come.

It is this conviction, not merely an opinion or a guess, which dominates our interest in the presidential campaign. Last week, in this column, writing from the point of view of that conviction, we expressed the opinion (which, as we then said, may or may not be justified by events) that Governor Landon represented a "Kansas spirit," which has always worked for the progressive reform of social conditions, and that if that spirit, so widespread among Republicans in the Middle West, was now really in control of the Republican party, the nation would be safe in its hands, should Mr. Landon win. We also said that the wild denunciations of Mr. Roosevelt, as being a conscious or unconscious agent of Communism or Fascism, which great chains of newspapers and many reactionary organizations had been uttering, had been cast aside by the Landon group, for the platform adopted by it (contradictory and confusing as many of its planks may be) was in substance drawn from the New Deal, not from its infuriated foes. Therefore, so we thought (and still think), if the capture of the Republican party by Governor Landon's group is genuinely a change from its former control, the majority of Americans would trust that under the control of a Republican party sincerely devoted to social justice the country would move toward that desired goal—as it has been moving toward it, these same Americans believe, under the New Deal.

These speculations of ours were promptly seized upon by a number of daily newspapers, and partly quoted, under headlines such as, "Catholic Magazine Praises Landon," and "'Kansas Sense' of Landon Gets Catholic Praise." The newspapers did not quote what we said about the alarmist press, nor our opinion that the Landon platform stultified the alarmist press. Nor our opinion that the great majority of Americans are only interested in either President Roosevelt or Governor Landon because of their desire for social justice. We cannot, and do not wish to control our mighty contemporaries; but we do wish that if they consider our opinions interesting enough to place before their multitudes of readers that they would give those opinions fully, or at least indicate their background and context. Our own readers, however, know that THE COMMONWEAL does not, and cannot, assume to speak for Catholics generally, still less for the Church in any official connection. Catholics are divided among all the groups represented within and without the major parties—all, that is, of course, except the Communist party. THE COMMONWEAL cannot speak for all Catholics, in this campaign, except in so far as it represents the desire common to most Catholics that Christian principles should be carried out in politics, as in all other spheres of life. But as to the methods by which they should be carried out—at that point, American Catholics cease to possess any semblance of unity. It is part of the vast work that faces them to strive for the end of such confusions, so that in turn they may aid their fellow Americans to do likewise.

Week by Week

CONGRESS adjourned and the Democrats assembled in Philadelphia. Both were normal events, but so many bewildering circumstances were attendant upon them that observers generally flirted with the idea that the collapse of Joe Louis may have ushered in a new order of probabilities. In Washington the tax bill written by the administration won out, so that sustained and vigorous senatorial efforts to get more income out of income taxes came to naught. As passed, the measure constitutes the most impressive attack ever made on corporate business enterprise in the United States. The really effective criticism came, however, from those who felt that the wording of the law was ambiguous and sure to start a flood of litigation. We think that, whatever may be said of the ultimate social objectives of the new taxation, many modifications will be required if this is not to prove one of the least successful of the Roosevelt measures. With reference to the convention, a dazzling series of political storms broke before the delegates had as much as gathered. Though

The Trend of Events

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the Republican suggestion that a prominent anti-New Deal Democrat be nominated for the Vice-Presidency did not materialize, there may well be more substantial aid to Landon in the Al Smith walk-out than in an overt conversion to the G. O. P. This possibility was, of course, less impressive than the dissident stampede led by Father Coughlin. There now exists an inflation party, and it is worth trying to estimate its potential strength. It is often averred, and the evidence to support the contention is impressive, that the Detroit priest has lost much of his following. Nevertheless the organized Social Justiceites number more than 1,000,000, and granting that these remain steadfast, it is fairly safe to assume that Father Coughlin alone may be able to muster 4,000,000 votes. This is not in itself a formidably large number. But if the strength is concentrated in relatively few states, the total effect on the electoral vote could under circumstances be decisive. The Roosevelt camp must reckon seriously with the danger. That is another reason why the Philadelphia convention is significant.

ACCUSING religious of moral offenses is now a popular German pastime, and the papers are filled with accounts of what is taking place in those interesting stadia, the Nazi special tribunals. The most impressive criticism of the show as yet offered came from the Vatican City radio station, which seldom permits speakers to comment on world affairs. It was pointed out that the secret police finally turned up with 106 rather than 276 names, and that of the total 50 were accused persons and the rest witnesses. Most of the accused are former novices or tertiaries—i. e., persons who at one time had an affiliation with the order. The Vatican specifically exonerated the monastery at Waldbreitbach, against which most of the attack was directed. Apparently the archives of this institution had been rifled. A dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* asserted that a similar statement had been issued by the Berlin diocesan paper, which in addition stated that even though a few malefactors were found it would be senseless to indict the whole Catholic body. One curious by-product of all this is the publicity given to a variety of wrong-doing which, usually classed as a moral disease rather than a crime, was until recently seldom mentioned publicly, on the ground that advertising might wreak incalculable havoc. In June, 1934, the Nazis themselves exploited widely the prevalence of sexual perversion in their own ranks. To this they attributed the ire of Der Fuehrer, and his decision to order a massacre. Now they seem bent on proving every monk a brother in sin. Surely, if the public takes all this seriously, it can hardly avoid concluding that the Aryan race is pretty poor stuff. Perhaps that is Dr. Goebbels's secret intention. After all, why should he venerate Nordic blood?

German Religious and Morals

EUROPE'S traditional Catholic parties, harassed and to some extent decadent, may not survive another generation unless there are extraordinary changes. The attack in Belgium is directed against bureaucracy: it is asserted that vitality and young blood are lacking, that individual politicians are badly infected with materialism, and that the spirit animating the party as a whole is everything except a crusading spirit. In Austria, the situation is even worse. Since the death of Dollfuss, the government has never stopped insisting that it is Catholic and that its object is the realization of ideals expressed in papal encyclicals. As a matter of fact, however, relatively little has been accomplished beyond maintaining the peace and safeguarding, despite one or two startling business failures, a modest tempo of economic improvement. Every sort of élan is missing as the nation's diplomats wend their way to conferences designed to secure international backing for Austrian independence without closing the door to Germany. It is reliably stated that popular dislike of government measures has led to widespread satire of "clericalism" and Church domination. On the other hand, one also hears that the Church has actually no influence upon the trend of events. The Catholic party itself seems disrupted by incessant disputes between those who wish to "build bridges" to Nazism, and those who resist every manifestation of Hitlerite tyranny. Its attitude toward anti-Semitism is inconclusive and muddled. In short, though censorship prevents expression of opinion which has found an outlet in Belgium, there is little doubt that the opinion itself exists and is spreading. We do not wish to seem unduly pessimistic, but the fact is that something drastic must be done if Catholic political action in Europe is to survive.

Catholic Parties in Distress

METONYMY, we recall, is the use of the sign for the thing signified. However, there has been such spirited and dramatic employment of signs in the world at large lately that one forgets that behind the very active symbol lurks an abtract idea. The sign seems to have taken an independent life of its own. Thus, a donkey was brought into a Philadelphia hotel to stand as a living token of the great party now meeting in the eminent City of Brotherly Love. It disregarded both the persuasion of its civic surroundings and the specific purpose of its being there at all, and bit the kindly hand attempting to feed it: very unsymbolic conduct, though to be

Symbols-an-Sich

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sure some malicious commentator may see a connection with the Smith letter. There has also been an engaging riot of symbols in France, where a thousand Rightists went into a handkerchief-waving demonstration, to be answered by an equal number of Leftists flourishing upraised fists. The basic idea of this ritual, we think, is vague to the vanishing point, but it must have been a colorful sight; and we regret that the police broke it up—if only because it was an episode of such unexampled mildness by the ordinary standards of French politics. The antics of the Vienna Socialists at the soccer match with Italy should be mentioned also. The comrades were not pleased with the visitors and showed it in various ways: cardboard bombs burst showering swastikas about, and the visitors' swimming pool had been dyed a deep Socialistic red. The main purport of all this is clear, just as a snowball in the back is clear; but it cannot be said to have been severely controlled by the celebrated collectivist ideology. However, there is at least this to be said for these particular Socialists, that their horseplay suggests high spirits. This is such an improvement over the usual thing that even the buckets-of-blood pool seems all right—like the idiotic fun of schoolboys at an initiation party. We trust the visiting Fascisti so regarded it.

Something Missed

ONE OF the late Mr. Chesterton's wise observations on our times was that the act of contrition in the *Confiteor* when the contrite person strikes his breast and says, "by my fault," has too much given way to a secularized parody in which the individual lists his sins, or ills, and strikes someone else's breast, saying, "by his fault." This was recalled to us by the recent appeal to Catholics by Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, on the occasion of the widespreading strikes in France. A certain quietude—not quietism—he urges is necessary for the accomplishment of the ends all men of right reason urgently desire. There must be self-discipline, in the face of the multiplication of proposals by different schools of thought and political parties. The intangible atmosphere of restraint, of calm, is becoming rarer and rarer and it is a truism that its antithesis, intransigence and a multiplication of opposed violences, cannot breed it. It is arrived at by taking thought and making an effort in its behalf as a good in itself. And it is a good in itself, though the popular temper of today is sceptical of it. The work of the world is done principally not through agitation, but through disciplined, orderly and mostly quite modest efforts. The real works of mercy, of binding the wounds of those least able to help themselves and giving immediate aid to the desperately needy, is done, from our observation, largely by quiet people. Politics in themselves are sterile; they are properly only a means to fraternal peace, social peace, a social order founded in the hearts of men, which alone can restore the works of the world and of charity to a better balance of accomplishments. Our Lord and our martyrs historically have testified to this, they were men of peace to the bitter end.

The National Family

ONE OF the joys of being a presidential candidate is—though we do not speak from personal experience—reading through a list of queries on which one is invited to express at least a conviction. For it would apparently never do for a candidate to possess only so humdrum a thing as an opinion. There must be throughout the country 100,000 organizations, each of which is dealing with some epochal problem. Those which foster peace run into the hundreds; those which touch upon some aspect of economic life are legion. The proper thing for each to do is to sew up the next President. That is obvious. If the White House is on your side, victory cannot fail. This being the case, what is the candidate to do? The ruses adopted by Chief Executives and candidates in the past are legion. Some just wrote letters endorsing everything—so much so that, but for the invention of vague and non-commital wording by some ancient secretary of genius, they would have lied faster than Ananias. Nor, we fancy, would they have been greatly berated in after life for these defections from truth. The fact of the matter is that queries and answers are speedily forgotten, for some strange and doubtless very human reason. But the really odd thing is that no candidate has ever sat down and written 100,000 letters to citizens selected at random, asking them to state their views. There would be some sense to this, provided the candidate could beg off time to read the replies. The man would get more insight into the nation's state of mind than he could derive from all other sources combined. And the 100,000 would not forget. It would give them a feeling of membership in the national family. Take for example the important but very intricate problem of social security. How can the gap between the experts' version of a practical solution be reconciled with the yearnings which find expression in the Townsend and similar movements? Surely by giving the average man a chance to have his say, to share in the discussion. There is need of proving somehow that democracy is very real. And it would be difficult to find a topic on which this sense of reality has so marked a bearing as it has upon the question of making provision for old age, unemployment and disease. Such an issue should not be left exclusively to the politicians or even to the experts.

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LABOR AND LAW

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

During the past year, the Supreme Court has challenged the validity of several laws affecting the status of labor. Do these decisions reveal merely the personal attitudes of the Justices, or are they in accord with legal tradition? Mr. Lucey's article seems to us a very intelligible reply to this question. He concludes that it may rather safely be assumed that the Constitution does not permit government regulation of the condition of labor. Is there then to be an amendment, and if so what form should it take?—The Editors.

IN A RECENT address made by Chief Justice Hughes to the members of the American Law Institute he said that the law, like many other sciences and arts, is not a collection of iron-clad rules in which "we suddenly rise to a stratosphere of icy certainty." There are many legal subjects on which there are conflicting opinions, but the decision of the Supreme Court on the Guffey Coal Act, together with other decisions of this court on various other labor laws, leaves us with an "icy certainty" as to what laws may be constitutionally enacted for the protection of labor. In general, none of the laws enacted to date for the benefit of labor have been declared valid.

The decision of the Supreme Court on the Guffey Coal Act, coupled with other decisions of this court, leaves the federal government practically powerless to regulate the condition of labor by the enactment of minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, or by providing for collective bargaining, or by the enactment of other labor legislation.

There are three kinds of labor that the Congress has attempted to protect by legislation: (1) labor performed on goods destined to enter interstate commerce; (2) labor performed on goods while they are in interstate commerce, such as that performed by the railroad employees who transport the goods; and (3) labor performed on goods which have left the interstate carrier and are in the hands of the middleman or retailer. The Supreme Court has disposed of the legislation intended to protect these three types of labor accordingly:

By the Guffey Coal Act the Congress among other things attempted to regulate the relationship between the coal miner and operator by establishing minimum wages and maximum hours and by providing that the operators must recognize the union of the miners. Congress thought that since most of the coal which was extracted from the earth would eventually be shipped between the states the act of mining this coal was also a part of interstate commerce. The Constitution prohibits Congress from regulating commerce or industry that is carried on solely within a state, and the crux of the Guffey Coal decision depended on whether coal mining was a part of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court held the Guffey Coal Act unconstitutional because the word "commerce" is the equivalent of the phrase "intercourse for the purpose of trade," and the incidents leading up to and culminating in the mining of coal do not constitute such intercourse.

> The employment of men, the fixing of their wages, hours of labor and working conditions, the bargaining in respect of these things, whether carried on separately or collectively, each and all constitute intercourse for the purpose of production, not of trade.
>
> The latter is a thing apart from the relation of employer and employee, which in all producing occupations is purely local in character. Extraction of coal from the mine is the aim and completed result of local activities. Commerce in the coal mined is not brought into being by force of these activities but by negotiations, agreements and circumstances entirely apart from production. Mining brings the subject-matter of commerce into existence. Commerce disposes of it.

Another attempt made by Congress to regulate the condition of labor performed on goods destined to be transported between the states was the Child Labor Act. In 1918, the first Child Labor Act enacted by Congress came before the Supreme Court. By this law Congress attempted to ban from interstate commerce all goods manufactured or mined by children under fourteen, or by children between fourteen and sixteen who worked at night. The Supreme Court held this law unconstitutional because, as in the Guffey Coal decision, the mining or manufacturing of goods is not a part of interstate commerce and cannot be regulated by the federal government:

> The thing intended to be accomplished by this statute is the denial of the facilities of interstate commerce to those manufacturers in the states who employ children within the prohibited ages. The act in its effect does not regulate transportation among the states, but aims to standardize the ages at which children may be employed in mining and manufacturing within the states. The goods shipped are of themselves harmless. . . . When offered for shipment before transportation begins, the labor of their production is over, and the mere fact that they were intended for interstate commerce transportation does not make their production subject to federal control under the commerce power.

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Congress sought to avoid this decision in a second Child Labor Act by using its power of taxation, but the Supreme Court also declared the second act unconstitutional.

The second type of labor performed on goods shipped between the states is that of the employees of the railroad or other carrier which transports the goods from the mine, factory or source of origin to the middleman or retailer. To improve the condition of railroad employees Congress enacted a law which made it a misdemeanor for any interstate railroad to unjustly discriminate against a railroad worker who joined a labor union. This statute was similar to the Wagner Labor Act, though it had a better chance of coming within the powers granted to the Congress by the Constitution than the Wagner Labor Act for it only applied to railroad employees who unquestionably are engaged in interstate commerce. However, when this law came before the Supreme Court in 1908, it declared Congress was without the power to legislate in this matter for it was not a regulation affecting interstate commerce, since a railroad worker's membership in a labor union in no way either promoted or retarded interstate commerce.

In 1916, the railroad employees threatened a general strike and to prevent this from happening Congress enacted the Adamson Law. This law provided for an eight-hour day for the employees of interstate railroads and fixed their wages at the same rate as it had been for the longer working day. By a five to four decision this act of Congress was declared constitutional. However, the Supreme Court limited the effect of this decision to an emergency such as the one threatened by a general strike, which might have halted all interstate railway commerce.

In May, 1935, the Railroad Retirement Law which had been enacted by Congress, and which provided a compulsory pension system for the benefit of the employees of interstate railroads, was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court:

> This is neither a necessary nor an appropriate rule or regulation affecting the due fulfilment of the railroads' duty to serve the public in interstate transportation.

The last type of labor performed on goods in their journey between the states is that of the employees of the middleman or retailer who either directly or indirectly place the goods in the hands of the consumer. In its decision on the National Recovery Act the Supreme Court declared that the workers who handle goods that have been shipped from another state and which have already left the interstate carrier that transported them, are not engaged in interstate commerce. Hence, the federal government is without the power to regulate either their hours or wages.

With the one exception involving railroad employees who were on the verge of a national strike all the efforts of Congress to enact legislation for the improvement of the condition of labor have been held invalid by the Supreme Court. Congress has attempted to enact labor legislation regulating each step in the course of goods from their source at the mine or factory, on to the railroad or other carrier that ships them, and then into the hands of the middleman or retailer who sells them to the consumer, and the Supreme Court with one minor exception has invalidated every effort.

It has been suggested by the New York *Times* and others that the eight states chiefly affected by the Guffey Coal decision should enter a compact between themselves which, after being approved by the Congress, would accomplish the same result as that intended by the Guffey Coal Act. This substitute for the Guffey Coal Act brings up the question of whether or not the states are empowered by the Constitution to regulate the wages and hours of labor or enact other labor legislation.

The legislature of New York State passed a minimum wage law for women employed by laundries. On June 1, 1936, this New York law was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The court thought that the principle involved in this statute was the same as the one involved in a minimum-wage law enacted for the District of Columbia which had been declared unconstitutional over thirteen years ago. The opinion merely reaffirmed the earlier decision on the District of Columbia law:

> Finally, it may be said that if, in the interest of the public welfare, the police power may be invoked to justify a minimum wage, it may, when the public welfare is thought to require it, be invoked to justify a maximum wage. The power to fix high wages connotes, by like course of reasoning, the power to fix low wages. If, in the face of the guarantees of the Fifth Amendment, this form of legislation shall be legally justified, the field for the operation of the police power will have been widened to a great and dangerous degree. If, for example, in the opinion of future law makers, wages in the building trades shall become so high as to preclude people of ordinary means from building and owning homes, an authority which sustains the minimum wage will be invoked to support a maximum wage for building laborers and artizans, and the same argument which has been here urged to strip the employer of his constitutional liberty of contract in one direction will be utilized to strip the employee of his constitutional liberty of contract in the opposite direction. A wrong decision does not end with itself; its bad influence may run from one extremity of the arc to the other.

The Supreme Court has held that the states may enact maximum-hour laws for workers engaged in hazardous occupations, but the laws must be health measures, and if they are intended as economic measures, such as a thirty- or forty- or fifty-hour-week law would be, they are unconstitu-

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tional. In declaring a law of New York State, which limited the hours of certain workers to sixty in any one week, unconstitutional, the Supreme Court wrote:

> It seems to us that the real object and purpose were simply to regulate the hours of labor between the master and his employees (all being men, *sui juris*), in a private business, not dangerous in any degree to morals, or in any real and substantial degree to the health of the employees. Under such circumstances the freedom of master and employee to contract with each other in relation to their employment, and in defining the same, cannot be prohibited or interfered with, without violating the Federal Constitution.

The conclusion is inescapable: the states whether acting singly, or jointly by the use of compacts, are powerless to enact legislation for the protection of labor. Surely when a state acting alone may not enact a labor law, the fact that this state joins hands with a group of other states will not give their compact any greater constitutional power than each state possessed separately. Nor is the absence of this power in the states sufficient reason to authorize Congress to enact labor legislation, according to the decision of the Supreme Court in regard to the Guffey Coal Act:

> The proposition, often advanced and as often discredited, that the power of the federal government inherently extends to purposes affecting the nation as a whole with which the states severally cannot deal or cannot adequately deal, and the related notion that Congress, entirely apart from those powers delegated by the Constitution, may enact laws to promote the general welfare, have never been accepted but always definitely rejected by this court.

As a matter of law, neither the states nor the federal government are authorized by the Constitution to regulate the condition of labor.

This "icy certainty" about what labor laws may be constitutionally enacted has led the advocates of labor legislation to propose that the Constitution be amended so that labor may be protected from the economic storms that endanger the source of its livelihood. Though there is rather general agreement that some amendment to the Constitution should be adopted, there is little unity of opinion on any particular amendment. The *Congressional Record* is bulging with various amendments that were proposed after the Supreme Court voided the National Recovery Act. Which one of these proposed amendments could obtain the consent of two-thirds of the members of both houses of Congress, and then be ratified by three-fourths of the states? Should the state or federal government or both be authorized to enact labor legislation? Should this labor amendment apply to all workers, or only some of them? If only some workers, which ones? Those and many other questions have to be answered and agreed upon before an amendment of this type can be adopted.

PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES

By JAMES G. WINGO

MANUEL LUIS QUEZON, the first native head of the government of the Philippines since they were conquered by Spain in 1570, is the powerful president of a commonwealth, republican in form and scheduled to be completely independent on July 4, 1946. He is virtual dictator of the 7,091 Philippine islands with a population of 14,000,000.

Although one-eighth Spanish, his mother's grandfather being a native of Spain, President Quezon is regarded by his countrymen as a Tagalog, a Malayan Filipino who speaks Tagalog. This is one of the many Malayan dialects in the Philippines, where 90 percent of the people are Christian Malayans, 5 percent Mohammedan Malayans, and 4 percent pagan Malayans. One percent comprises Chinese, Japanese, Americans, Spanish, British, German, French and Swiss.

Quezon is a short, slim, swarthy man of fifty-seven years. He has penetrating eyes, bushy black eyebrows, a handsome face and an unusually long neck. Nervous and energetic, he is an eloquent speaker not only in Tagalog but also in English and Spanish. Last November the entire inaugural ceremonies were performed in English, as it is the language spoken and understood by most Filipinos. The invocation was made by the Most Reverend Gabriel M. Reyes, Archbishop of Cebu, the first Filipino to head an archdiocese. President Quezon, his wife, two daughters and son live in Malacanan Palace, the residence of the ruler of the Philippines, on the Pasig River in the city of Manila. The fun-loving President has shown himself a lavish host.

"From Rags to Riches" would be a proper title for the story of the life of Don Manuel, as he is affectionately called by his people, for today he is not only the first president of the Philippines but one of the richest Filipinos. He was the only son of a very poor couple in the small town of Baler, in Luzon, whence, accompanied by his father, he went to Manila to seek an education. There he was hired into the services of Franciscan priests as a servant. His only compensation was board and lodging and the opportunity to pick up an education in a Catholic school.

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Manuel was a very bright student despite his delicate health. With little financial aid from his father, he completed his secondary education. He had just enrolled in the law school of the University of Santo Tomas when the Filipino revolution against Spain broke out. Quezon joined his rebelling countrymen who fought the Spanish rulers and later the American invaders. At the end of hostilities, Quezon was a major.

He went back to law school and obtained a diploma. By 1903, at the age of twenty-five, he was made by his American friends the provincial *fiscal* (prosecutor) of Tayabas. In 1906 he became a member of the provincial board of Tayabas, and after one month's service on the board ran for provincial governor, and was elected. Shrewd Don Manual never loses an election, jumping from one side of an issue to another in order to win. He considers consistency a weakness.

Elected to the first Philippine assembly in 1907, two years later he was on his way to Washington to be a Philippine resident commissioner, with a voice in Congress but no vote. He was soon making pro-independence speeches. Through his good Catholic friend Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the President, he met Woodrow Wilson. The leader of the New Freedom smiled upon his activities. With the Jones Act, which promised independence as soon as a stable government was established in the islands, in his pocket, Quezon went back to Manila in 1916. This law gave the Filipinos a much greater measure of autonomy. Quezon, the new hero of the Filipinos, was elected first, last and only president of the Philippine Senate.

During the succeeding years Quezon married, accumulated a big fortune, traveled extensively at the expense of his government, and shilly-shallied on the Philippine independence question. In last year's election which catapulted him into the highest position ever occupied by a Filipino he was as always on the side of the majority: those who did not advocate immediate, complete independence.

His first major act as chief executive of the Commonwealth of the Philippines was to railroad a national defense bill through the Quezon-controlled Assembly, the unicameral legislature of the islands. This plan to build an adequate army to resist foreign aggression was drawn up by Genera Douglas MacArthur, former chief of staff of the United States Army, at present detailed as military adviser to his good personal friend Don Manuel. President Quezon is the constitutional commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the Philippines. His legislature made him chairman of the Council of National Defense. The chief of staff is directly subordinate to no one but the President. Some observers see in the national defense plan a strong Quezon personal defense plan, which makes it almost impossible for any military clique to overthrow or dominate the President.

President Quezon has named another American, one-time Governor General Francis Burton Harrison as his economic adviser. Harrison's policy as chief executive of the Philippines (1913-1920) was "government in business." Through the National Development Company the Philippine government lost many millions of pesos in following this policy to the extreme. But Quezon can point to a modicum of governmental success in running the Philippine National Bank, which owns the majority of stocks in several major centrals, the Manila Hotel, the Manila Railroad and a cement factory. To American newspapermen who attended his inauguration, Quezon said, "The government is definitely going into business." Through the National Development Company, almost the entire stock of which is owned by the Philippine government, he and his economic advisers will engage in all kinds of business. This company will be run as a holding and operating firm, with President Quezon voting the majority stocks.

Without the least hesitation President Quezon divested the speaker of the Philippine Assembly of his most important prerogative—the leadership of his party in that body. Quezon said: "The speaker of the legislative assembly presides over the deliberations of that body. That is his main and most important function. It is his only function under the rules." Quezon had his men in the legislature elect as speaker a wealthy nonentity, a man who was relied upon to be wholly subservient to the political will of the Big Boss. Since chairmen of legislative committees under the Philippine Constitution are powerful officials, only Quezon men were elected heads of all committees. Quezon now deals directly with the chairmen and members of assembly committees. The speaker, whom the Constitution intended to make the number two official of the government, has even much less power than the Vice-President of the United States.

Quezon is also the president of his party. He and his rival for thirty years, Sergio Osmeña, joined political forces and called their party "Coalition." With Osmeña as the candidate for Vice-President on the Coalition ticket, Quezon rode roughshod over his rivals—the old hero of the Filipinos, General Aguinaldo, and Bishop Gregorio Aglipay, one-time Catholic priest, who established his own church, the Independent Church.

Quezon does not have to worry about reelection because the Philippine Constitution provides that the President shall hold office for only one term of six years. He seems very eager to give his countrymen a taste of an independent government, with its worries, hardships, responsibilities, high taxes and national discipline. So far the Filipinos seem satisfied to go wherever this man of their own race may lead them.

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A READING FROM RODRIGUEZ

By PETER WHIFFIN

OUR MONASTERY chapel that we call "the choir" is a long room, with an altar at one end and around the three sides the lecterns and stalls of the monks. By stalls I mean simply benches for kneeling and for sitting down. The stalls of the priests are on an elevated platform running about the three walls and extending only a few feet out from them, the narrow sitting-benches being fixed to the wall itself, with the sloping kneeling-board against the bottom of the high lecterns in front of them, and barely enough room to stand between. Below, on the floor, are the stalls of the students and in front of them are the simple benches of the lay Brothers. These last have no lecterns, as the Brothers take no part in the chanting of the Divine Office, which is the ordinary duty of priests and choir monks, though I have heard nuns chanting it, and doing the job so thoroughly, by the way, that they were even intoning the "non dicitur Pater Noster."

Today the early afternoon Vespers are just finished, and the monks sit back on their uncomfortable benches to listen to ten or fifteen minutes of spiritual reading from that ancient and garrulous old writer named Rodriguez, who is commonly and affectionately known among religious as Rodrigazoo.

In the stalls below me I see the younger monks sitting quietly, with closed eyes, and thoughts probably far away. It is rather wearisome listening to the same old homilies that they have heard for so long. How will it be when they have been preaching them for years, as we priests have been?

But presently, as Rodriguez might say, the reading swings easily into one of the innumerable stories which he uses to illustrate his lessons in spiritual perfection, and there is a sudden stirring and rustling in the choir. The younger monks are now sitting up and looking about with smiles of expectation. Along our upper tier the elders of the community take out their snuff boxes and tap them gently and expectantly before they open them and dip their thumb and forefinger into the sticky, pungent "Copenhagen." Father Bede gave me a pinch of his snuff in the choir one afternoon, just before the reading of one of Rodrigazoo's best yarns, and I spoiled the entertainment that day by sneezing so violently and continuously that Father Rector, who is quite deaf, at last lost all patience, glared hopelessly in my direction, and banged the lectern right in the middle of the story as a signal that the reading was finished for the day. Father Bede snorted at me in high dudgeon, and has never offered me another pinch of Copenhagen.

Now all this stir and ceremony in our choir is the best tribute that could be given to the story-telling ability of Rodriguez, for you must remember that we have been listening to these tales, also, for many years, and even the best of story-tellers today will ask you to "stop me if you've heard this one." But none of the spiritual anecdotes of this old Jesuit Father seem ever to grow tiresome, while his more astounding narratives are told with such quaint charm, such classic smoothness, such simple ingenuity, and such biblical unction, that beside Rodriguez the Baron Munchausens and other tellers of tall stories seem like little boys mouthing strained and awkward lies that they really don't expect anybody to believe.

Did Rodriguez believe his yarns? Implicitly, from the bottom of his heart. Did he expect others to believe them? Undoubtedly, without any reservations. And if, possibly, he might have allowed that disbelieving them was not exactly *contra fidem,* he surely must have felt it would be at least *proxima haeresi.* Do I believe them? Deponent saith not.

Please don't think for a moment, however, that I am trying to ridicule Rodriguez or his stories. It would ill become me. But while I look up to him for his skill as a story-teller, I realize as I sit in the choir this afternoon that as I get older the heroes and heroines of Rodriguez often irritate me so much that I squirm and snort in my stall until Father Bede silences me by one of his "over the glasses" looks. (Too many of these holy souls seem to me people with one-track minds, men and women so intent on gaining some particular flower of virtue that they care not how many others they trample upon in getting it.)

Consider, as a horrible example, that young man canonized by Rodrigazoo, who was so determined to be a saintly hermit that when his old mother came to his cave and pleaded to see him, he replied by abusing her roundly, blocking up his cell, and altogether making a holy show of her. What a prig he was when compared with a man like the great Saint Benedict who, when his sister Scholastica was about to end a visit with him, prayed God to send a great rainstorm, and thus kept her with him all during the night.

Today the reading has swung into that old and probably familiar story about the ancient lady who went to her bishop and requested that he send her an old woman from one of his homes for the aged, so that she might wait upon her and take care of her in all charity and humility, and thus gain for herself some heavenly merit and

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grace with God. The bishop complies with her wish, but in a few weeks the dear holy soul is back once more, this time with the complaint that the woman who has been sent to her is so gentle and so good that there is no merit to be gained by caring for her, and will His Lordship please send her some cranky and spiteful old body who might give her an opportunity to practise some solid virtue. The astonished prelate, after coming to, has a grim and relentless search made for the most cussed old termagant that can be found in his diocese, and then ships off the prize to the seeker after sanctity. Now at last the lady is extremely well pleased, for the more her old shrew berates and scolds her, the more is she enabled to practise patience and meekness and charity, so that day by day she can see a pile of merit and a store of heavenly treasure mounting to her credit "where thieves cannot enter, nor moth nor rust consume." And so they all live right merrily ever after.

But this afternoon, as the narrative goes on, I become increasingly aware that its fussy old heroine is another one of those holy horrors of Rodriguez who irritate me more and more with the passing years. For here again is the one-track mind that draws up a Personal Program for the Pursuit of Perfection, fixes upon some virtue as if it were a greased pig at a picnic, and then thunders after it with absolutely no regard for anything or anybody that might stand in the way.

Mark the pride with which our heroine begins her campaign for canonization. A bishop, no less, is required to start her off by furnishing some old woman who will serve as a spiritual sparring partner to give her a daily workout. And note her professional jealousy when she discovers that the intended stooge is too good for her. Her type of holiness is the kind that resents competition, that looks upon the goodness of others with a jaundiced eye, and that flourishes only when set in conscious and complacent contrast with another's sins.

So, back to the home for the aged goes the decent old body, and back to the bishop goes the spiritual amazon to inaugurate now one of the strangest contests in history, a contest in which the prize will be a home and the winner will be any old virago who can prove herself the orneriest in captivity, a contest in which literally a premium is to be placed on downright cussedness.

Can you imagine the havoc wrought in that diocese when the word got around that the bishop was offering a good home for life to the old lady who could prove herself more of a general nuisance than anybody else? Why, even after somebody had won, the old girls must have gone on practising, just in case the contest might become an annual affair, or in hopes that the holder of the championship belt might die in a fit. And can you picture the various homes for the aged trying to catch the eye of the bishop and the good-will of the wealthy lady by grooming their old women to become outstanding pests?

No doubt it was from this contest that general nuisances began to get the idea that they are gifts of God because indispensable to those who wish to practise virtue and acquire holiness. Probably, too, this story gave rise to the awful legend that because religious are vowed to the special practise of virtue, pests in the community should be treasured by the others as special blessings of God and should be looked upon as "worth their weight in gold." God help us!

But now let us have the fadeout of our little movie. Lights! Camera!

Ah, here she is—our beloved heroine humbly on her knees before the old termagant who is abusing her with vile and filthy scoldings (words deleted by censors). How radiantly self-conscious our saint is as she compares her own humility and virtue with the wickedness of this old hag whose feet she is washing with ecstatic joy. Of course, privately, I might whisper that I think the old body playing the part of the villain seems a bit fed-up with her rôle. It seems to me that she would like to calm down once in a while and have a quiet cup of tea and a little chat. But how could she hold her job if she did that? How could her benefactor revel in her own sense of virtue if she had nobody else's wickedness to gloat over? So, one last evil whoop of our virago, one final beatific smile of our saint, and—

Well, there goes Father Rector's rap on the lectern to signal the end of the reading. The monks rise slowly, and the parade starts from the choir. I see one of the students shaking good Brother Xavier as I leave the choir. Xavier usually falls asleep during the spiritual reading, not because he doesn't like Rodrigazoo's stories, but because he is deaf and can't hear them anyway.

Just outside the choir, as I bless myself with holy water, it strikes me that the only character who attracted me in the story was the little old lady who was so gentle and good that she wasn't wanted. I wonder what ever became of her. She just slipped in and out of the narrative, and there wasn't any more to say about her than there was about a certain Joseph mentioned in Scripture simply as a just man.

The monks parade along the corridors, slipping one by one into their cells, and soon the monastery is wrapped in its accustomed quiet. I try to settle down to writing a sermon, but I can't put out of my mind the story I have just heard. I think I shall go into Father Rector's room and tell him how I have decided that I shall try to be "worth my weight in gold" in the community.

On second thought, he might tell me that I'm overweight now.

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CONVENTIONAL CLEVELAND

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

O CLEVELAND! Now that the tumult and the shouting have ceased—now that your broad thoroughfares are emptied of their throngs of strangers—now that all the liquor-stores are depleted of their stock and the last yellow Landon sunflower has vanished from your hotel lobbies—now that you are resting your battered head upon a pillow again for the first time in a week, I should like a few words with you.

How did I gain admission to this sick-room? You left orders that all reporters should be barred? Well, if you must know, I simply offered to relieve the day-nurse. To tell the truth, she was very glad to be relieved. She says you're just like all other normally healthy people. When they actually fall ill, they can be rather difficult patients. But even so, I'm hoping that you'll give me a story.

Do you mind if we talk over the Republican Convention? . . . Sh-h! Don't excite yourself that way. Just lie back and try to relax.

You know, as much as I dislike to remind you, all this is really your own fault. You brought it on yourself. Of course conventions, particularly those which are political, are hard on anyone. Nevertheless you allowed your loyal, civic-minded citizenship to go ahead and invite all Republican America to assemble last week within your gates. No wonder you're in bed. Worse than that, you've permitted them to induce at least one hundred more conventions to meet in your domain this summer. There's the Great Lakes Exposition coming, and the American Legion, and Heaven knows what-all. You expect not to be ill! Why, you fairly pursue punishment.

Yes, I know. It's that extraordinary committee appointed from the ranks of your leading business men, the "Come-to-Cleveland Committee." (Now, don't turn pale at those words. Let me put a wet towel on your head.)

I know that you're actually very proud of that committee. And you should be. They started to work with enthusiasm when you were at your lowest ebb—right after the bank-closings in 1933—and you'll have to admit they've done a swell job. Representing every class of business enterprise, they had taken a dreadful beating during those dark days, but how they took it proved their unconquerable spirit. Your own citizens temporarily unable to stimulate local business, they determined that strangers must be brought to your door. And you'll agree, viewing the past week, they've certainly produced the strangers.

But you should have foreseen the results when you set that committee to work. You ought to know your people by this time. Whenever they undertake anything for you, they always accomplish it brilliantly. And of course these other conventions which are to follow will be just as successful. (You're complaining of a pain in the neck? Here, let me rub it for you. Just think how much better you'll feel when the week's reports of the merchants' associations, the hotel men's alliances, and all the others, pour in.)

Besides, it was really a marvelous convention, even though, at this moment, you can't see anything marvelous in anything. It's been a hard week for you—pushed, harassed, deafened by noise, your traffic congested, your own affairs interrupted, your homes and clubs invaded by a horde of exuberant visitors. I know there were times when you could have cheerfully swept your streets clean of strangers with a machine-gun. For purely personal reasons, I'm very glad you didn't. I'm glad that, instead, you kept smiling, even though now you look so melancholy. You were a perfect host in doing everything possible to give your guests a good time.

Did they have it? You should know, from the way they acted. . . . Now you're smiling for the first time since I entered.

You look almost as pleased as you did on that last Thursday night of the convention, when Hamilton placed Governor Landon's name before the delegates, and when in the face of that cheering, unanimous nomination, a flock of bright balloons floated out from the vast ceiling of your auditorium over the shouting thousands, and a mammoth American flag descended majestically to hang just above the platform.

Of course you are really largely a Republican city, Cleveland, and with that part of you, you must have been tremendously gratified by the enthusiastic harmony evidenced. One thought must have forced itself out of that night's mad delirium into your sober consciousness—that the unity, the accord, which had led, during the week, ever more and more delegates to the foot of the Landon banner, and caused all other presidential possibilities but one to endorse the "Prairie Governor," could not but give a tremendous impetus, a wholesome confidence to the Republican warriors now marching into battle.

On the night before, Herbert Hoover had called to them to enter upon a Republican crusade. With eloquence and passionate sincerity, he called to them as never before. And to the wild cheers of a shouting multitude you and I saw Herbert Hoover leave that platform a much more beloved man than he had ever been before.

Wasn't it all worth the headache you're now having? You ask if I don't realize that a large section of your electorate is Democratic. Of course I do—and not Democratic with a small voice, either. Think of that Saturday night at the Country Club just before the convention.

Do you remember that Chairman Fletcher was entertaining the Republican National Committee at dinner in the large dining-room, and how groups of other diners clustered about the open doorway to listen to the speeches? We heard Mr. Fletcher's guests laud him in the highest terms. Then we heard Mr. Fletcher in turn laud all his guests individually in the highest terms. Then we heard the guests laud each other, also in the highest terms.

I don't know whether you noticed the party I was with; but it happened that our delightful host was a Democrat—a Cleveland Democrat. He grew very restless as he listened to the repetition of all those lavish Republican tributes. It was plain that his emotions were mingled. One of your typical citizens in his generous sense of hospitality, he was both glad and sad. Glad to see these Republican visitors enjoying themselves, but sad to see

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that they were Republicans at all. When the speeches reached the crescendo of dizzy compliment, he could bear it no longer. From the doorway, he addressed the chairman, and all faces turned toward him as he declaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great pleasure, as a citizen of Cleveland and as one of the Board of Governors of the Country Club, to welcome you here. I've been listening to your speeches with interest. And all I can say is, if you're one half as good as you say you are—then maybe you have a chance of nominating the next President of the United States."

The first mechanical burst of applause died as suddenly as it had risen, as the import of his words was borne in upon the consciousness of the diners. We fled to its echoes.

Oh, yes; I knew from that moment, if not before, that Cleveland had its Democrats. And later on, at a charming party, out under the trees in a garden that might have been transplanted from Rome, I even met a Taft—an Ohio Taft and a relative of the former President—who claims he is a Democrat.

But the Republican National Committee seemed to enjoy itself just the same. I saw them all on Sunday at the garden party given in their honor by the Honorable and Mrs. Chester Bolton at their beautiful country estate. That vast expanse of lawn was fairly littered with prominent Republicans. The handsomest of them all seemed to be Senator Vandenberg, at that time still a very possible choice for the presidential nomination. When the storm began to threaten and the thunder to rumble over those lovely gardens, the G. O. P. leaders didn't act at all as though it might be an omen of ill luck for Republican chances. They only moved leisurely into the house, whither attendants were already running with the punch-bowls, to continue their political conversation.

And will you ever forget the way people tore around, down town, on the following day—Monday—just twenty-four hours short of the opening of the convention! All state committee headquarters in the various hotels packed; all telephone exchanges choked; mobs milling through the streets; all taxicabs commandeered. I really believe that was the day when you first began to feel rather seedy.

Borah had just issued his statement at a press conference, and I encountered Kingsland Macy of New York looking very pleased about it. Cameramen were chasing Hamilton up and down corridors. He paid no more attention to them than he did to the patch on his chin. And your women were all declaring that he was terribly good-looking, in spite of the patch. . . . Mrs. Paul Fitz-Simons of Newport, able and gracious member of the Committee on Arrangements, and a delegate, still smiling and unflurried after a week's exhausting work. . . . The delegates-at-large were very much at large. Charles Sisson of Rhode Island was in a huddle with prominent politicos which was reminiscent of his famous football days. . . . Margaret Culkin Banning, whose name as a distinguished author we all knew, was busy at her task of being delegate-at-large from Minnesota, and was also a charming hostess at a cocktail party. . . . Ralph Strassburger of Pennsylvania was looking forward to a caucus of his delegation that evening. He gave me a ride home in his taxicab—and I knew from the meter how busy he had been that day. It registered $17.85.

And everywhere Landon sunflowers, Landon colors, Landon banners, Landon bands. It had already begun to look like a Landonslide.

Then the next and opening day—rather lethargic and lacking in enthusiasm. (You wish they'd stayed that way? That's because of your head. Try a little more ice-water.)

Surely you wouldn't have had that last, mad night, when Landon was nominated, and Vandenberg, Knox and Dickinson made their seconding speeches, and that enormous multitude roared, sang and cheered its approval, any different? (You say you would! And that I would too, if I felt like you? But how do you know I don't, Cleveland? The truth is, I do. It was my first national convention—and I took it rather hard. I ran around so much that now my feet and my shoes absolutely refuse to have anything to do with each other. I envied that West Virginia delegate, wildly waving his banner, who rode around on the shoulders of two other delegates. He had a wobbly perch—but at least he was off his feet.)

Your own very able journalists were even busier than the visiting press—for they had their regular work and the convention besides to cover. And it seemed to me that the *Plain Dealer's* delightful columnist, Eleanor Clarage, had the most amusing comment of all:

"Maybe you missed it," she wrote. "I mean the sign on Keith's Theatre which says in bold lights: 'The Walking Dead—Welcome, G. O. P.'"

And as the week progressed, how tired, though tolerant, grew the faces in the press-seats!

You say you're tired too, all right—but not tolerant? That's only because you've been so conventional lately. You wouldn't by any chance like to be left alone? Well, before I go, I think you ought to know the worst. On the day you went to bed, one of your big newspapers printed:

"Come Back To Cleveland—The city hopes that its visitors have had an enjoyable stay here during the Republican Convention, and cordially invites them to return. . . ." Yes, I'll tell the nurse to bring the thermometer. And—well, thanks Cleveland, for yet one more wonderful time. You're a great town.

Vision in Sainte Chapelle

My spirit kneels here and I wonder why.
Men say the faith that built these walls is dead.
No tabernacle holds the Living Bread,
No holocaust is raised to God Most High.
Resplendent windows, burning with July,
Hide emptiness with veils of martyr red
And fling a million sapphires overhead
Where relics of the Passion used to lie.
Does magic lurk in consecrated glass?
Can multicolor cast so strange a spell?
Across the shrine majestic shadows pass:
A priest with acolyte and sacring bell.
Saint Louis, King of France, attends the Mass
And Heaven fills the void of Sainte Chapelle.

EMILY TAYLOR PERKINS.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—According to latest mission statistics Catholics number 7,218,631 in Asia, 5,476,332 in Africa and 908,703 in the East Indies and Oceania. Patients of mission dispensaries number 26,740,584. Asia has 4,346 native priests and Africa 2,218,728 catechumens. * * * On the occasion of the conferring of the red biretta on Giovanni Cardinal Mercati and Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, June 17, the Holy Father said that the naming of these two cardinals was a recognition of lives full of priestly dignity and devoted to placing science at the service of faith and an expression of the Holy Father's deep affection for the Vatican Library and the Oriental Church. * * * Archbishop Richard Downey of Liverpool, England, and seven members of the American hierarchy were among those attending the golden jubilee Mass of Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon of New York, June 19. * * * Five of the eight members of a secret society of assassins, executed recently at Stanley Falls, Belgian Congo, yielded to the persistent persuasions of a Catholic missionary, asked forgiveness and died peacefully. * * * A group of 1936 graduates of Mount St. Vincent College in New York have formed a study group for weekly conferences on interracial problems during the summer and actual field work in the fall. * * * Ex-President Alcala Zamora and other members of the Spanish Academy recently attended a special Mass for Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616) in the historic Church of the Trinitarians at Madrid. * * * The articles of the Catholic Information Society of Narberth, Pennsylvania, published weekly in five secular newspapers with a combined circulation of 40,000 in Orange and Rockland Counties, New York, are warmly praised by Calvin D. Myers, editor of the Newburgh *News*. * * * June 25 was the centenary of the ordination of the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, C.SS.R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, first professed Redemptorist in America and founder of the Forty Hours Devotion in the United States.

The Nation.—Large headlines reflected almost exclusively party political affairs: the Democrats in full cry, the five dissident Democrats predicting a walk off their old reservation, the Coughlin-Lemke call to the regions where money grows wild, Mr. Hamilton's presentation of an orating National Chairman. * * * President Roosevelt proclaimed on June 20 that Italy and Ethiopia are no longer at war. Thus the embargo on arms shipments and the warning to travelers—our first acts taken under neutrality laws—were ended. * * * Between April, 1930, and January, 1935, our farm population increased 1,356,557 to a total of 31,800,907, the highest in history. This increase is 356,000 greater than if it had been according to the average for the entire population. Higher farm birth rate and a small net migration back to the farms accounts for it. If there were no further internal migrations, at the end of a century the farm population would be five times that of the cities. * * * The President issued a statement most encouraging to advocates of consumers' cooperation. Indicating his interest in the apparent success of the Swedish movement, he said that three experts are being sent to Europe to study cooperation and its relationship to government. * * * WPA Administrator Hopkins announced definitely that local communities will decide who is eligible for relief work and what wage shall be taken as prevailing in the neighborhood. Projects undertaken will also be suggested exclusively by local authorities. * * * While 200 union organizers were being spread around the country by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, Ohio steel mills were the scene of extreme violence. Three hundred shots were fired, one guard was killed and four men seriously wounded outside the Wheeling Steel Corporation plant, where the steel workers' Amalgamated has been conducting a strike of 5,500 men since May 22.

The Wide World.—Labor and political strife continued throughout most of Europe, with France still the storm center. Though most of a million or more striking workers had returned to their jobs, fresh outbreaks in various centers were disturbing particularly to the tourist industry. Sailors hoisted the red flag on ships in the harbor of Marseilles, compelling the owners to make a government appeal for help. Decrees ordering the dissolution of Rightist organizations were seemingly without effect, and some anti-Semitism was manifest in oratorical attacks upon M. Blum. In Spain disorder was still the rule, but observers thought they saw growing popular dissatisfaction with the way matters were going, and predicted some form of "mild" dictatorship likely to restore order. Belgium was calmer. * * * In Germany, trials of religious for alleged moral abuses were continued with a great display of animosity to the orders in the daily press. The most sensational of these cases involved Father Franz Joannis, pastor of the parish church of Rosenberg in Swabia, who was accused of offenses against fifty school girls. His arrest, at the instigation of the local Nazi leader, was bitterly protested by the congregation. Nevertheless, though Father Joannis denied his guilt, the Special Tribunal found him "a dangerous moral criminal" and sentenced him to eight years' penal servitude. The Coblenz trials of Franciscans were likewise in progress. Meanwhile athletic organizations in fifty-three countries announced that they were sending teams to the Berlin Olympic Games. * * * Mr. Anthony Eden ran the gamut of opposition outcries in the House of Commons when he conveyed the decision of His Majesty's Cabinet to lift the economic sanctions imposed upon Italy and to recognize the fact that Ethiopia is now a Mussolini colony. He asserted that to continue the sanctions would mean war, but asserted that British forces in the Mediterranean would be stronger than they were "before this dispute began." The member-

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ship, led by D. Lloyd George, gave the Secretary a terriffic tongue lashing; and then Mr. Stanley Baldwin, delivering as weird an address as any to which British statesmen have ever listened, insisted that Germany was the real threat and that all efforts must be directed toward promoting effective conversations between London, Berlin and Paris. * * * A number of casualties were reported from Palestine as clashes between Arabs and British troops occurred in the Tel Aviv region. The most serious occurrence was a minor pitched battle at Anabta in which bombing planes were used. The government was sending Arab leaders to a concentration camp. * * * In London King Edward VIII celebrated his birthday. He was forty-two. Immense throngs cheered His Majesty.

* * * *

What's What in Politics.—Mr. Farley opened the Democratic Convention on June 23. The night previous his rival, John D. M. Hamilton—far and away the greatest political discovery of the year—had opened the Republican campaign in New York. Both relied on satire, of which there was considerable need. The G. O. P. had largely failed to get much positive english on the ball, and looked as if they hoped to win by Democratic errors rather than through any prowess of their own. But the week-end beginning Friday 19 witnessed the greatest booming of bombs heard in politics for generations. That night Father Coughlin, who had previously announced there would be a third party, virtually nominated William Lemke, congressman from North Dakota, for the Presidency. He appended a series of platform planks, the most important of which appeared to be advocacy of inflation. Father Coughlin insisted that his League for Social Justice was not itself in politics. On Sunday a statement signed by Alfred E. Smith, Bainbridge Colby, James A. Reed, Joseph B. Ely and Daniel F. Cohalan invited the delegates to the Philadelphia convention to read Mr. Roosevelt out of the Democratic ranks. They charged that an attempt was under way "to buy the Presidency by the misuse of funds," and pointedly made no allusion to Woodrow Wilson. But of course the convention did not conform. It heard Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York declare that the Smith action meant very few votes, and issued a challenge to the presidential candidate of 1928 to express his views on the convention floor. There was no immediate reply from the Empire State Building, but Mr. Ely proclaimed his intention to campaign against the New Deal. Meanwhile indications were that the Roosevelt management would attempt to swing farther to the Left. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, reiterated his devotion to the administration following some altercation with party leaders. On Tuesday evening the keynote address, delivered by Senator Alben W. Barkley (the orator of 1932 as well), stressed approval of the New Deal as the party's major objective. Particularly emphatic were his denunciations of the Supreme Court. But the convention, obviously reluctant to nail itself too hard and fast to platform commitments, seemed most enthusiastic in its endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's leadersip.

Congress Closes.—On June 21, congressmen were liberated in order to go home and arrange campaigns for re-election or to Philadelphia, where Democrats were massing for their convention. Only eleven of the 436 members of the House of Representatives planned voluntary retirement. The Seventy-fourth Congress voted expenditures of $19,296,187,373, the greatest total reached by any Congress, in peace or war. The Legislature left on the President's desk for signature: The Farm Mortgage Amendatory Act, providing loans to reduce charges on indebtedness for drainage, irrigation and similar work. The Flood Control Act, giving $300,572,300 for large-scale projects, to be supplemented by local contributions. The Strike-breaker Act, making it a felony to transport between states strike-breakers who would interfere with peaceful picketing. The Walsh-Healey Government Contracts Act, stipulating that federal contract shall be let only to companies abiding by work conditions similar to NRA requirements. The Virgin Islands Permanent Government Act, providing regular legislative, executive and judicial branches of government and home rule and universal suffrage; the governor is appointed by the American President, however, and he has final veto power. The Copeland-Guffey-Gibson Ship Subsidy Act dissolves the old Shipping Board and establishes a new Maritime Commission to foster our merchant marine and create sound practises. The Revenue Act of 1936, designed to obtain an additional $785,000,000 a year, embodying a tax on undistributed corporate income of from 7 to 27 percent. The $2,375,281,000 Deficiency-Relief Appropriation, roughly earmarking $1,339,500,000 for specific types of federal projects. The most important bills left over were the Guffey Coal bill, the Copeland Food and Drug bill and the Wagner-Ellenbogen Housing bill.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—The *Christian Herald* Church Census for 1935 indicates that during the past nine years church membership in the United States has increased at the rate of 1.66 percent per year, while the population has been increasing at the rate of 1 percent per year. The Baptists with 10,191,697 members are the largest of the non-Catholic religious bodies; they are followed by the Methodists with 9,067,561, the Lutherans with 4,568,300 and the Jewish Congregations with 4,081,242. * * * The Twelfth World Sunday School Convention will be held at Oslo, Norway, July 6 to 12. Some 3,200 registered delegates from sixty different countries are expected. Lutheran Sunday School literature has been accorded one-half of the exhibition space allotted to American religious denominations. * * * The first of four summer conferences on Human Relations sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians was held at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, June 20 to 26. The second will be held at Estes Park, Colorado, August 6 to 11; the third at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, August 30 to September 4; and the fourth at Lakeville, Connecticut, September 6 to 11.

The Latest Drought.—Traders in the Chicago wheat pit were suddenly spurred to action, June 19, by the un-

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expected issuance of a warning by the federal crop reporting board of critical drought conditions in western North Dakota and South Dakota, with less serious conditions in northeastern Wyoming. May rainfall in North Dakota, the leading producers of spring wheat, was 42 percent of normal in the eastern part and 28 percent of normal in the western part. Governor Walter Welford estimated that 46,000 of the state's 87,000 farm families would be in need of assistance and flew to Washington to secure additional funds. Governor Tom Berry of South Dakota did likewise and also requested special freight rates that would enable cattlemen to ship their livestock to the pastures of Nebraska. The President ordered the Resettlement Administration to undertake a survey of the immediate and long-range needs of the area, and it was believed that $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 would be needed for the stricken farmers until next spring. So far moisture reserves from last winter have protected crops in most Western States, but serious crop losses were expected if heavy rains did not fall within a fortnight. At Philadelphia Secretary Henry A. Wallace secured consideration of a farm plank more specific than was originally planned by the framers of the Democratic platform. He was reported in favor of a crop insurance plan.

* * * *

Regional Institute.—At the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, Professor Howard W. Odum has successfully organized the First Institute on Regional Development. Committees were formed to draw up plans of action, not resolutions, to deal with problems, and these are to be transmitted to the proper authorities, both governmental and non-governmental. Besides the steering committee, groups were formed the first week to deal with: regional planning recommendations, region-wide research and development agencies, uniform program for state conferences on social work and standards of public welfare, coordination of work between Negro and white institutions, coordination of research, teaching and extension in agricultural economics and rural sociology, teaching the social sciences, preparation of a manual on Southern regions. Economically, the institute called for "straight-away planning for a new diversity in crops and types of farming." Erosion was recognized as the great enemy. Delegates deplored the "assumption that if we solve the problem of agricultural economics we solve all other problems." Besides economic and land-use planning on a region-wide scale—something like the TVA—more purely educational and sociologic efforts were stressed. The great problem of how to get recommendations acted upon was gradually taken up. One point was that recommendations were to be clear and positive; the committees were either to come to definite conclusions or to state definitely why they could not. The "pressure group" type of influence on public authorities was not exalted, but was not repudiated.

Taxes and Expenditures.—Amplification of the figures reported in these columns briefly last week reveals that while state and local expenditures had a downward trend during most of the period from 1931 to 1935, federal expenditures were increasing at an unprecedented peace-time rate. In 1934, taxes took 17 percent of the annual income, in 1929, 12.4 percent, and in 1925, 10.9 percent. Per capita federal expenditure doubled between 1929 and 1935. In the latter year it was $53.67, while state expenditure was for 1934, the last year for which figures were available, $16.14 and local expenditure, $44.39. The state expenditure was a decrease from the peak expense per capita of $18.52 in 1931 and the local expenditure represented a reduction of $10.91 per capita from 1929. The gross debt of all governments in the United States was a little less than $48,000,000,000 at the end of the 1935 fiscal year, and by the early part of this year represented an increase since 1929 of about 50 percent. During this time, the federal debt had increased by about 100 percent. "Social welfare accounted for the largest proportion of federal expenditures in 1935," the National Industrial Conference Board reports, and continues: "The Federal Emergency Relief Administration ranked first in the year with expenditures of $1,250,000,000, exclusive of $488,000,000 made available to this agency through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The Public Works Administration ranked second in 1935 with expenditures of $1,061,000,000."

The Medical Association on Contraception.—The frequent assertion of birth control advocates that they are backed by the best medical authorities receives a dignified refutation in a recent issue of the *Journal,* official publication of the American Medical Association, in a report submitted to the association by its special committee appointed to study contraceptive practises. This disapproves of "propaganda directed to the public by lay bodies, organized solely for the purpose of disseminating (without consideration or restraint) contraceptive information," and adds, "Your committee deplores the support of such agencies by members of the medical profession. We feel that an entirely false sense of values with respect to the important function of child-bearing and of parenthood has been created by the activities of such organizations." With regard to eugenics, the report says, "Our present knowledge regarding human heredity is so limited that there appears to be very little scientific basis to justify limitation of conception for eugenic reasons." It continues, "No evidence was found which would indicate that wider dissemination of contraceptive information would tend to establish a better social and economic equilibrium in society. At present the part of our population with the best education and presumably the most competent socially and economically is not reproducing itself. Birth control propaganda is partially responsible for this condition. Your committee has found no evidence available to justify the claim that dissemination of contraceptive information will improve the economic status of the lower income groups, although it is admitted that some individuals might thus profit by limitation of their family. Your committee knows of no type of contraceptive which is reasonably adequate and effective for a large portion of the population."

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Communications

THE SUPREME COURT DECISION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: In your editorial on "The Supreme Court Decision" you did remarkably well, but I believe you missed fire as you closed with: "And so our crisis ever deepens,"

In two other places I believe you are wrong:

(1) "It would seem, then, clearly to follow that only an amendment to the Constitution expressly granting to the federal government greater powers. . . ." Boy, that's bad!

(2) "To fatten capital and . . . destroy labor," you say, "which of course is nonsense." Honestly it is nonsense, but to the average man who never reads THE COMMONWEAL it is a fact: for instance, when an employer installs labor-saving machinery and four out of five men are laid off with no place to look for another job, and the one man that is kept on the job is the man that is paid the least; the plant uses the same hours, the employer gets more perfect work, his cost for labor is cut at least 60 percent. If the employer had any morals at all, he would be satisfied with a fair profit and reduce the hours so as to keep as many men working as possible. The employer who when he lays a man off permanently asks himself "I wonder where he will get his eats from now on!" is a rare article; but that is the first thought that comes to the man laid off, or worse, "I wonder where my kids will get their eats."

Then comes William Green. He should know that if we waited to enact legislation favorable to labor, the working population would be so reduced there wouldn't be enough well-fed men to do an honest day's work, when they finally got it.

If I am not all wrong the American Federation of Labor constitution has that one thing the United States Constitution hasn't got.

The NRA gave labor the right to organize and bargain collectively. The A. F. of L. constitution gives every affiliated union local the right to work according to local conditions, all over the whole United States. Now then, the Supreme Court's decisions instead of making our crisis ever deeper lays the work to be done on Mr. Green's doorstep. When he has well organized unions in every town he will not need legislation. And neither will capital expect anything from the government. In this crisis every union member and every Christian should be a union organizer.

WILLIAM J. SIMS.

WHAT IS THE STATE?

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: In your issue of May 29 Bishop James Ryan contends that a "policy of initiating programs of reform in the states rather than at Washington would be in complete harmony with the clear intent of 'Quadragesimo Anno,'" and that "it is both unwise and imprudent to leave the ordinary citizen under the impression that social reform as outlined by the encyclical must be initiated and carried out by the federal government."

With the logic of the Bishop's dicta *per se* one cannot quarrel. Indeed, it is rational to maintain that could the ends of social justice be effectively served by initiating reforms within local communities, that, too, would be in accord with the intent of the papal encyclical. But if, because of the nature of our social and economic order, such reforms—whether local or state—would be unlikely to be effective, there would undoubtedly rest on us an obligation so to organize them as to insure the attainment of their purpose.

It would be unwise and imprudent, therefore, to leave anybody under the impression that he is not morally bound to seek that purpose through the means most likely to achieve it, whether those means be found in agencies already established or in agencies requiring for their establishment an amendment to the existing Constitution. That the states as they exist today are agencies competent to attain the ends sought by the papal program few people desirous of attaining them will assert.

Surely in this as in other human affairs the adequacy of means to end is a matter with which the Catholic conscience must reckon.

M. R. COPITHORNE.

EMPLOYMENT

Port Washington, L. I.

TO the Editor: In the May 22 edition of THE COMMONWEAL, there is a request from P. C. Donovan, of Boston, for suggestions for work for unemployed men.

In this connection, I have often wondered why fine bookbinding is not taught to men as this would open up a field of lucrative work and be a blessing to many of us lowly ones. How many of us have a favorite book that we would be willing to spend a few dollars to have rebound in three-quarter or whole calf or morocco? The pages would be trimmed and new fly leaves added and on the whole we would be very much pleased with the whole thing—the fact that we gave work to some men and the extra pleasure we got out of doing it. We would not bother to bring our books to a regular firm but the fact that that rebinding would give work to some one who would be able to keep his self-respect thereby would give us great satisfaction. Then, too, why are not our boys trained in watch repairing? How many of us pay out good dollars for repairs and then find after a week or two the job needs to be looked over again! What we need in our schools are boys who can do things with their hands and become independent of someone else. If it is perfectly proper for the Board of Education to maintain trade schools for the needle trades and fur workers, why not give our boys this training in watch repairing, developing of pictures, bookbinding, sign painting, etc.? It is a plethora of mental work and little manual training which makes our boys so helpless in their late teens.

But to return to Mr. Donovan, couldn't some funds be found to train men in fine bookbinding? Then we will bring along our cherished volumes and all will be pleased.

WALTER JOHNSON.

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Books

The Decameron and Saint Birgitta

White Hawthorn, by Lucille Papin Borden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT IS not surprising that Lucille Papin Borden's many admirers have given a warm reception to her latest novel, "White Hawthorn." For it contains almost a superabundance of romantic treasure. The story opens on the Ponte Vecchio in fourteenth-century Florence with a company of strolling musicians playing and an eleven-year-old child dancing with such joyously unself-conscious abandon that all the traffic stops to watch her. An English stranger, Kenneth Starforth, is among those who are fascinated by the "white flame" of the girl Fiorenza, and when the unspeakable tavern-keeper, Dion Valetta, who is the little dancer's father, prepares to sell her to some of the bystanders, the English knight is restrained from killing him only by the intervention of the child herself. That evening the enclosure of the Franciscan monastery at Fiesole is broken by a distracted but obviously beautiful and wealthy woman who insists on seeing the Father Guardian. It is Mysia, one of the two older daughters of Valetta, notorious alike for her beauty, her brilliance and her dissoluteness, who has come to appeal to Padre Adriano to save her little sister from the ruin to which her father's greed has destined her.

Into the Franciscan's mind there suddenly comes the thought of the great Swedish Abbess, Birgitta, and in his prayers the three, the abandoned Mysia, the child Fiorenza and the saintly Swedish woman, were twined together. The story of the actual bringing together of the ways of these three people and of Starforth the Englishman, and the consequences of those meetings, carries the reader across the face of the Italy of the "Decameron" from Rome to Naples. All the interests of the time, the court of Johanna, the stories of Boccaccio, the love poems of Petrarch, the fishermen with their nets in the Bay of Naples, the Abbess Birgitta and her daughter Katerina with their sick, the rumors of knightly and chivalric adventure that drift in from the Holy Land to which the mysterious English knight carries the blue and silver colors of the child Fiorenza, the pilgrims at the Confession of St. Peter in Rome, all come into the scene through which the dancing figure of the girl Fiorenza is carried by her first patrons, the gracious and high-minded Buondelmonte, to the care of the wonder-working woman from Sweden. Some figures emerge more particularly: Mysia, the Magdalene, Padre Adriano who brings the spirit of Saint Francis into an even more needy Italy, and the girl Fiorenza herself who is quite fresh and high-spirited enough to justify her creator's obvious enthusiasm for her.

Often one could wish for more time to stop with some of the scenes and people suggested. Sometimes the author holds up the telling of the story to develop directly implications that might be left to the reader, but as a whole the story moves swiftly with that zest for the light and shade of the daily scene that is the great charm of Florence herself.

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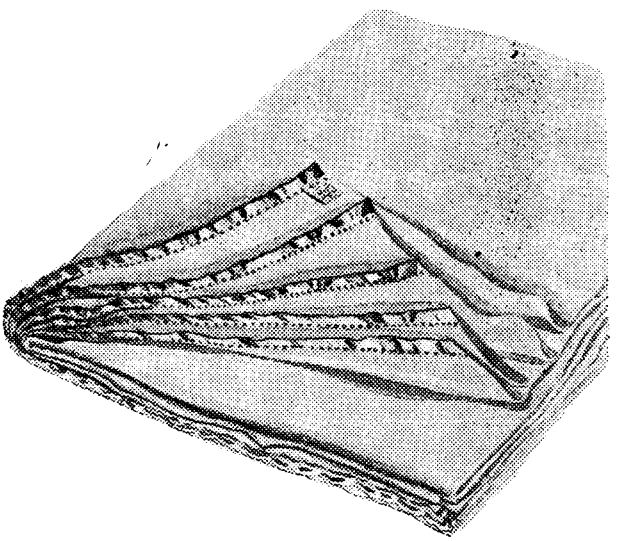

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From Parterre to Public

The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1935, by Irving Kolodin. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

MR. KOLODIN has written most ably a much-needed book. Henry Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera" while containing much valuable material, is inchoate, and lacking in critical balance and perspective. Krehbiel immersed in his artistic hates and loves never could rise "above the battle." This is exactly what Mr. Kolodin has been able to do, and the result is a book which is comprehensive, well organized, at times delightfully ironic, but always fair and well considered. His picture of the Metropolitan, born in snobbery and social vulgarity, gradually freeing itself of its social shackles through the passing away of the parvenu element until today it must sink or swim through its efforts to appeal to the general public, is painted in a masterly manner, the more so as he never preaches until the very final chapter. It is indeed ironic to consider that the days when the Metropolitan Opera House presented its greatest array of artists, and when it discovered the genius of Wagner to the American public, were the days when the diamond horseshoe was supreme, and a parterre box was the open sesame to New York society.

Mr. Kolodin minces no words when he declares that with the departure of Toscanini the Metropolitan entered into a progressive decline. Perhaps he blames Mr. Gatti-Casazza unduly for this, for coincident with the departure of Toscanini new operas of genius or even of talent had suddenly vanished. "Der Rosenkavalier" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re" were the last new operas worthy of the regular repertory, and they were produced in 1913. Yet the lamentable parsimony of the Metropolitan's Board of Directors in insisting on cutting down expenses at the very time when the company was making money was responsible for Mr. Toscanini's departure, and it is certain that the great conductor, even if he had been unable to discover new operas of genius, would have revivified old ones so that they would have seemed like new.

In his final chapter Mr. Kolodin makes this uncompromising statement: "Opera as it was represented in the Metropolitan of the recent past—and will largely continue to be in the immediate future—is an historical anachronism which has long since outlived its *raison d'être.*" And he concludes: "But the prospect of a vital, democratic, unencumbered operatic organization in New York must remain only a fond and wistful hope of the courageous until the entire basis of present organization has been revised and reconstructed." These are strong words, but they are true ones. Perhaps the recent production of "The Bartered Bride" in English may point the way out of the wilderness of routine performances, perhaps a real English or American composer will arrive, or a new Wagner in Germany, or a new Verdi or even Puccini in Italy. But whatever may come, one thing is certain, opera will no longer be supported by society as a sort of golden toy; the people of New York must come

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to its rescue, the people who buy tickets, not to gaze at people in boxes, but to hear and see what is happening on the stage.

Mr. Kolodin's book makes this abundantly evident. Both as a history of the famous opera company and as a critical commentary on opera in general it is a valuable addition to operatic literature.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

A Great Savage

Peter, Called the Great, by Maurice Bethell Jones. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

THIS is a very interesting book, although written by someone who does not really understand his subject, because the huge personality of Peter the Great cannot be judged from a civilized point of view, but must be considered from that of the age in which he lived, and the people among whom he was born and by whom he was surrounded. He was not a normal individual; if he had been, he would never have been able to accomplish the great things he performed. His notions of morality were as completely different from our own as earth is from sky. They were savage in their conception, just as he was savage in all his actions, and this Mr. Maurice Bethell Jones does not take into account. He judges them from a European, conventional point of view, while conventionality and Peter the Great never had, and as a matter of fact never could have had, anything in common. This leads him to erroneous appreciations of a career which was amazingly different from anything the world had ever seen before, but it does not detract from the interest he has succeeded in concentrating in a book which, all things considered, is an exceedingly correct statement of the things which took place in Russia at the particular period of her national history he describes.

The book has a good deal of romantic interest in spite of its brutality. Here again, however, in touching upon the amorous life of the Great Peter there is a lack of discernment in the manner in which this delicate subject is introduced into the story, and the wrong appreciation of the atmosphere amidst which he moved and breathed, which now and then irritates the reader, who feels it might have been avoided. But at the same time the story is in many respects a thrilling one, although I would only recommend it to those who have a thorough knowledge of Russian history since its earlier days, because contrary to the general opinion Peter the Great was not a beginner but merely a continuator of his predecessors, with that flash of genius which allows people to look ahead of their times. For these, Mr. Jones's work will be undoubtedly of paramount interest, and help them to realize, perhaps better than the author himself has done, the difficulties with which Peter found himself confronted from his boyhood and all through his memorable reign. The book is most entertainingly written, and so good are some of the descriptions that one forgets their occasional inaccuracies. But it is not a volume one would care to see in the hands of a young girl, and I must lay stress on this last fact.

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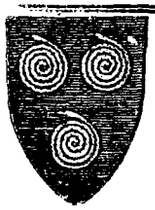
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The Essence of Beauty

Cubism and Abstract Art, by Alfred H. Barr, jr. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. $3.00.

THAT beauty depends upon the artist's unique, original way of experiencing sensations is soundly documented theory as well as practise. Merely to paint a country roadside as it is defeats, as Dom Willibrod Verkade has pointed out, the end of beauty. The thing becomes post-cardish. In the exhibition of abstract art held recently at the Museum of Modern Art and on which the present very informative volume is based, the uniqueness of the point of view, so pervasive in all modern art, was in essence that beauty could be produced from ugliness and incongruousness better than from beautiful things themselves. This is a strange truth, that ships and seamy places, arrangements of terrors or of nothings, can facilitate the production of beauty by a painter or sculptor better than things intrinsically beautiful. It shows how difficult beauty is to pin down. In "Cubism and Abstract Art" the movement to convert comparative ugliness or incongruousness into beauty and the splendor of order is shown. In other words, it classifies, with the help of 223 illustrations, all the various abstract art movements of the twentieth century—cubism, purism, futurism, abstract expressionism, orphism, suprematism, constructivism, dadaism and surrealism.

Autobiography

Self and Partners, by Sir Charles Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

CANDID reflections upon a literary and artistic career which led ultimately to the directorship of the National Gallery make Sir Charles's autobiography more than usually readable. The spirit is frank; there is neither sparing of nor rejoicing in self-criticism. Possibly the best pages are those devoted to Charles Ricketts, that curious and fascinating genius. But many a reader will skim with especial delight the chapters which sketch the author's boyhood. The melancholy heroism which speaks from them is conveyed by genuinely good writing. It was, to be sure, primarily the heroism of a father, an Anglican curate driven by his conscience and a warm heart. Quite undesignedly, this becomes a fine clerical portrait.

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